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The TIGER

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THE TIGER

VOL. V. IPSWICH, MASS., JUNE, 1924 NO. 3

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Mildred Jedrey, '25 Palmer Raupach, '27

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EDITORIAL (Foreword)

"The leader for the time being, who ever he may be, is but an instrument, to be used until broken and then to be cast aside; and if he is worth his salt he will care no more when he is broken than a soldier cares when he is sent where his life is forfeit in order that the victory may be won. In the long fight for righteousness the watchword for all of us is to spend and be spent. It is of little matter whether any one man fails or succeeds; but the cause shall not fail, for it is the cause of mankind. We, here in America, hold in our hands the hope of the world, the fate of the coming years; and shame and disgrace will be ours if in our eyes the light of high resolve is dimmed, if we trail in the dust of the golden hopes of men."

Theodore Roosevelt.

As Roosevelt says, America holds the hopes of the world. America, now the foremost and best educated country in the world, is looked to for everything. In the future, it is America who will advance the ideas of world peace and a world court. It is America who will lead the way in all world questions. It will be the future generations which will be America, and we, the class of 1924, will be part of that great group, the future generation. May we, if we do "hold the hope of the world in our hands," do justice to that honor, keep bright that light of high resolve and not "trail the golden hopes of men in the dust."

NEW STAFF

The staff for 1923-4 takes pleasure in announcing the following staff for 1924-5.

Editor-in-Chief: Nathalie Brown

Athletic Editor: Robert Shaw

Business Manager: Harry Merson, '25

Alumnae Editor: Gertrude Lovell, '26

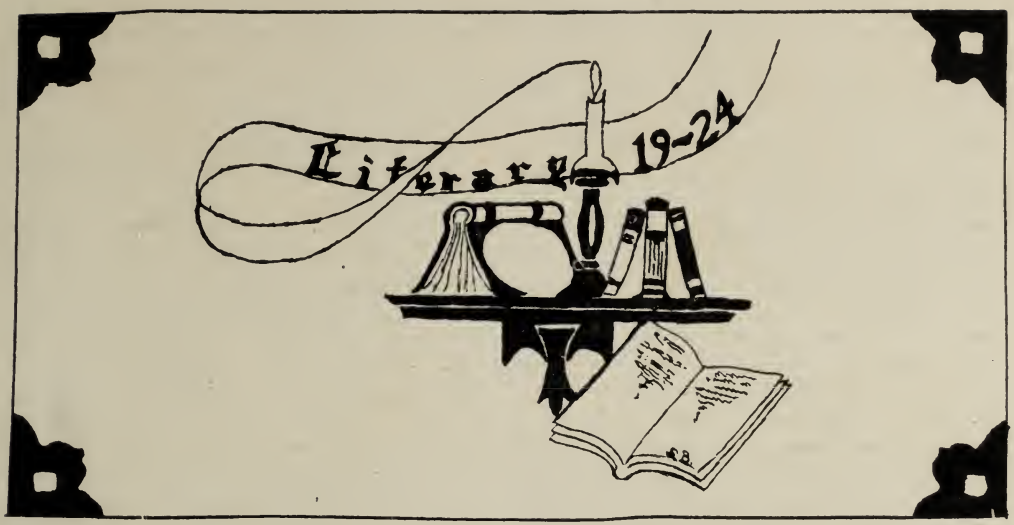
Exchange Editor, Angie Wile, '25

Advertising Manager: George Marlin.

Assistant Advertising Managers: George Christopher, '25; Robert Emerson, '26; Richard Durham, '28; Lincoln Hayes, '26; Earl Ewing, '26; Thomas Jianakountzos, '26.

Literary Editors: Edmund Witham, '25; Virginia Critchley, '26; Karl Raupach, '27

Class Reporters: Isabelle Swasey, '25; Helen Davis, '26; Laura Gordon, '27.



AT SEVEN

Having finished supper and settled down for an enjoyable evening with Poe's tales of mystery and imagination, I was lost in the thralls of one of his tales of horror when my mother brought a letter to me saying that it had come that afternoon. Opening the envelope I drew forth a single sheep of paper on which was written the two words, "Heat me."

Disgusted at what I thought someone's tom-foolery, I tossed the sheet into the fireplace where a few dying embers were giving out a faint heat and was about to resume my reading when I noticed brown marks appearing in horizontal lines on the sheet. Stooping, I drew the paper from the fire and on the now heated surface I read:

"A surprise awaits you at the corner of South Eaton Street tonight at seven."

My curiosity was now thoroughly aroused and after thinking it over for a minute, I decided to discard Poe for the evening and see what joke or adventure was awaiting me "at seven." Glancing at the clock I saw that it was six thirty and as Eaton was on the other side of the town I immediately started out. As I left the house, I noticed that evening was fast falling; so I hurried along, wishing to arrive before dark.

At last I reached the corner and as I glanced around in the deserted gloom I began to wish, for the first time, that I had remained at home. Thrusting my fears aside, however, I looked the place over. Aside from a single deserted house on the corner, there was no other dwelling for perhaps a quarter of a mile. There were no street lights and aside from a few feeble rays from the waning moon the place was intensely dark. In the front of the house there was a porch and here I decided to wait the few minutes lacking seven.

In the darkness and silence, fears began again to creep upon me. At first I was able to put them aside as foolish, but at last imagination broke its bonds and roving about, it brought to my mind all harms and dangers into which it was possible for me to fall in that place, unarmed.

As this last thought struck me, I heard a scraping and grating sound as of some heavy body being drawn along the ground. Peering around the corner of the porch, I beheld a nameless bulk crawling, creeping, wreathing towards my hiding place. Even as I gazed in unspeakable terror at this object, the town clock struck seven in the distance. At the realization of the exactness of the hour named in my letter and the approach of that at which I had just gazed, I shrank back in terror to

the doors of the house.

As I pressed against the bulky, oaken portals they flew inward, and, taken entirely by surprise and off balance, I crashed to the floor. Here, although uninjured, I lay in horror, for a moment I had fallen through the doors, they had closed again of their own accord! As I gazed with terror-opened eyes into the inpenetrable darkness I felt that I was not alone,and as the thought overcame me, a cold perspiration formed all over my body, and my flesh attained that horrorful clammy feeling which it is impossible to describe. Then, just as I made up my mind to scream, I was seized. A long, bony, cold hand wrapped itself around my mouth, two more grasped my legs, and two others seized my shoulders. Like this, without a noise of any kind, not even a footstep, I was carried through the air by those hands. By those hands, I say, because although I thrashed about wildly with my arms neither did I touch a body nor did a body touch me except for those hands which retained a grasp which could not be shaken.

At last, with the five hands still in position, I was laid down. Then out of the blackness and silence came a voice, an indescribable, voice low and distant and rasping but with an enunciation which was as plain as if it had shouted in my ear. "Oh, thou who hast five hands, no more, no less, is the prisoner guilty?" These were the words.

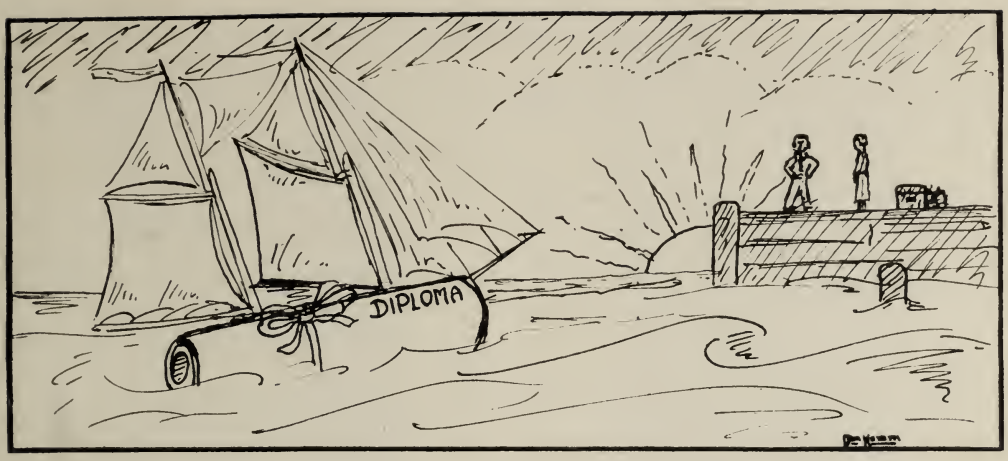
"Guilty, oh master."

"Into Hades with him then," shrieked back the first with the same far-away, rasping voice.

At this sentence there was a rumble, and a space before me opened. As the opening grew, blue wreathing flames shot from its depths, and for the first time I could see about me. That which I saw only added to my evergrowing mystification and horror however, for all that I could see were the five hands which held me. My own body I could not see!

Suddenly, without a word, I was lifted and swung gently to and fro with a sickening, monotonous motion over the flames and then dropped. As I dropped down—down—down through space and increasing heat, such a horror as overcame me is impossible to describe. My heart seemed pulling the muscles which held it in a vain attempt to escape my suffering body. The flames scorched me and it seemed as if my whole body was withering into nothing. The heat smothered me, I could not breathe. I choked out a scream, and then—then—I saw the volume of Poe's tales of mystery and imagination at my feet where I had dropped it.

EDMUND WITHAM, '25



CLASS CELEBRITIES

Class Vote	
Prettiest Girl	Vera Blaisdell
Best Looking Boy	Clarence Gould
Most Popular Boy	Tie between Harry Saunders and Jarvis Cartledge
Most Popular Girl	Edna Peabody
Clown	Christos Karigeanes
Nut	Dorothy Harrigan
Baby	George Bean
Class Solon	Edna Peabody
Class Musician	Leo Fannon
Class Pest	George Bean
Class Man Hater	Evelyn Webber
Class Woman Hater	Angelo Minichiello
Class Saint	Alice Scott
Class Artist	Raymond Callahan
Class Vamp	Zella Zuoski
Class Sport	Vera Blaisdell
Class Blusher	Zella Zuoski Hall—Honorable Mention
Class Bluffer	Charles Denningham Bean—Honorable Mention
Class Colors	Blue and Gold

WHAT THE POETS SAY ABOUT US

George Bean "A progeny of politeness."

Vera Blaisdell "If to her share some female errors fall, Look on her face, and you'll forget them all."

Theo Boylan "A wise old owl sat on an oak. The more he heard, the less he spoke; the less he spoke; the more he heard; Why aren't we like this wise old bird?"

Lillian Brown "I never knew so young a body with so old a head."

Antoinette Burns "A most unspotted lily."

Raymond Callahan "A kind of excellent dumb discourse."

Jarvis Cartledge "Genteel in personage Conduct and equipage, Noble by heritage, Generous and free."

Madeline Chase "I am not merry; but I do beguile The thing I am, by seeming otherwise."

Charles Denningham "And torture one poor word a thousand ways."

Leo Fannon "I am never merry when I hear sweet music."

Clarence Gould "He is a fool who thinks by force or skill To turn the current of a woman's will."

Wilmot Hall "A merrier man within the limit of becoming mirth, I never spent an hour's talk withal."

Dorothy Harrigan "They never last who always drink; They always talk who never think."

Margaret Hawksworth "A soul as white as heaven."

Christos Karigeanes "Then he will talk—good gods! how he will talk."

Violet Levesque "A violet in the youth of primy nature."

Elwyn McCarthy "As proper a man, as one shall see in a summer's day."

Angelo Minichiello "We grant, although he had much wit, He was very shy of using it."

Vera Morong "Learn to read slow; all other graces Will follow in their proper places."

Edna Peabody "O marvelously modest maiden you!"

Davida Perley "Her face, oh! call it fair, not pale."

Harry Saunders "O it is excellent To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous To use it like a giant."

Alice Scott "I hold you as a thing enskyed and sainted."

Hazel Smith "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

Evelyn Webber "Anything but history, for history must be false."

Zella Zuoski 'Tis the last rose of summer Left blooming alone."

FAVORITE SONGS

Jarvis Cartledge "When You and I were Young, Maggie"

Christos Karigeanes "Can't Yo' Heah Me?"

Angelo Minichiello "Minding My Business."

Charles Denningham "Kitten on the Keys."

Clarence Gould "Lovey Come Back."

Harry Saunders "The Shiek"

Elwyn McCarthy "She is only a Bootlegger's daughter but I love her Still."

Raymond Callahan "Mighty lak a Rose"

Theo Boylan "Ain't you Ashamed?"

Wilmot Hall "Way Down East in Maine"

George Bean "I Love Me"

Alice Scott "For All the Saints who from their Labors Rest."

Vera Blaisdell "I wonder who's kissing Her Now"

Edna Peabody "I Love You"

Antoinette Burns "Innocent Eyes"

Dorothy Harrigan "What'll I do?"

Margaret Hawksworth "I'm sitting pretty"

Evelyn Webber "Love Divine."

Vera Morong "Are You Lonely?"

Madeline Chase "Stay Home Little Girl"

Davida Perley "Just one More Kiss"

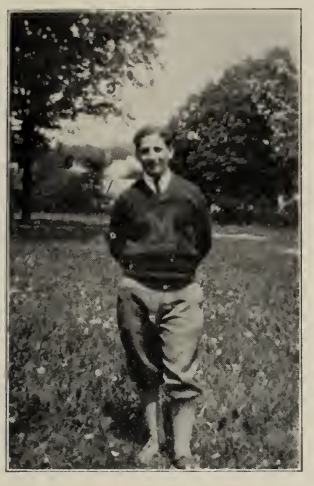
Hazel Smith "Freckles"

Violet Levesque "Steppin' Out"

Lillian Brown "Lonesome"

Leo Fannon "I'm all Broken Up"

Zella Zuoski "Holding Hands"



GEORGE BEAN

"Beanie" is our class baby and pest and although not given the title of "Class Bluffer," he comes in a close second. "Beanie is also a musician. and we expect to hear great things of him some day after he graduates from Harvard.

VERA BLAISDELL

Vera is one of the most popular girls in the class. She is always pleasant and agreeable, and possesses a most captivating manner. She is our fashion plate and because of her natural charm can wear any outlandish thing and get away with it.

THEO BOYLAN

Theo is rather quiet and unobtrusive. He is regarded as a man of the world, however, for he spent part of his senior year travelling about the country. He has worked dilligently since he returned and has therefore earned his right to be one of us at graduation.

LILLIAN BROWN

We certainly seem blessed with quiet girls (something extremely out of the ordinary). Here is "Liggy" whom we can add to the list. "Still waters run deep," in this case, however, for Lillian is a conscientious, hard worker and bound to succeed. She is succeeding already in her work at the Hosiery Shop.

ANTOINETTE BURNS

Our pianist! "An" can play almost anything, and we just couldn't get along without her, particularly in chapel. She is also an indispensable member of the school orchestra.

RAYMOND CALLAHAN

"Ray" has always been a prominent figure in class activities. He has a sense of humor which makes him dear to us, but it is always getting him into trouble, especially in drawing classes.

JARVIS CARTLEDGE

"Bud" is the president of the class. He is a "petit" chap, but in spite of that, he is good looking and is quite popular. He has always been studious, but we think that something (possibly his radio) has had a bad effect on him lately. He starred in our senior play as "a beautiful red lady."

MADELINE CHASE

"Mad" doesn't live up to her name. She is quiet and speaks when she's spoken to, and but for her habit of giggling you wouldn't know she was around. "Mad" was already to do her hair up for graduation but now with all the other "bobs" she has decided not to.

CHARLES DENNINGHAM

"Charlie" is a radio "bug." He is also the undisputed champion distance runner of the school. He signed an application to run in the Marathon Race last April but he got waylaid somewhere on his journey to the starting place and did not get there on time. We wish him better luck next time.

LEO FANNON

Leo can talk French back side to. He might as well talk German, for the French class can't understand him anyway. He is one of our class musicians and he helped uphold our school honors in the races.

CLARENCE GOULD

Here is the best looking boy in the class. "Kiddo" has also been a star in athletics during his career in high school. He is popular and well liked, not only by the senior class, but by the rest of the student body as well.

WILMOT HALL

Good natured and jovial is "Willie." He is a close second when it comes to class blusher. This makes him the butt of much "kidding," but he takes it good naturedly.

DOROTHY HARRIGAN

"Skinney" is one of our merriest classmates though just at present she is quite upset at being elected class nut.

MARGARET HAWKSWORTH

"Maggie" is a happy go lucky sort who has a smile which never disappears. Though she lives in the jungles of Rowley she has never been known to miss anything.

CHRISTOS KARIGEANES

"Chris" is a witty fellow who always has some new "wise crack" to spring. He is also a good actor. He made quite a hit in his part as a colored porter in the senior play.

VIOLET LEVESQUE

"Vi" is a new member of our class. She is small, though it hurts her feelings if you tell her so. Manning was too slow for her, after coming from Salem High; so she went to work down at the Ford Sales and Service Company the last part of the year.

ELWYN McCARTHY

Another athlete. "Mac" played a great game of football last fall as well as hockey last winter and he has starred in baseball for the past two or three years. He has quite a temper which gets the best of him every once in a while, although it never lasts very long, and this characteristic is forgotten in the midst of his other good points.

ANGELO MINICHIELLO

Quiet and studious he is. He has never had much to say or do in the class activities but nevertheless he is well liked by everybody. He is also a good athlete, for he did good work in holding down the various positions which he had on the football team last year.

VERA MORONG

"Vee" is a demure little miss. She minds her own business and is not like the rest of the girls in the class who talk most of the time.

EDNA PEABODY

"Ed" is the most popular and most versatile girl in the class and is also our valedictorian. She is gay and full of fun. She has planned to become a teacher, and we hope she will meet with the same success that she has met with in her class.

DAVIDA PERLEY

Davida entered our class in the sophomore year. She was the one who started the bobbed hair craze in our class, and now there is a majority of "bobs." "Dave" is some horseback rider, too.

HARRY SAUNDERS

"Bogey" ties with "Bud Cartledge" as the most popular boy in the class. He has the knack of getting along with everyone, particularly Edna. He has starred in athletics and is always on hand to help when there is work to be done.

ALICE SCOTT

Alias "Scrapper," our class saint. Although a good sport, she does love to pick up a fight, especially with "Dot" Harrigan. How dead our class meetings would be without "Scrapper."

HAZEL SMITH

"Smithy" is the spelling word "champ." If she doesn't have five hundred ahead of her to write all the time, she doesn't know what to do with herself. She is pretty good natured but once in a while she gets peeved.

EVELYN WEBBER

Evelyn, our man hater, is a quiet, shy sort of person who never has a great deal to say. But as she works in the candy room during recess, needless to say she i. very popular.

ZELLA ZUOSKI

Zella is the class standby for Latin and French. If you get third chance at her French notebook, you are lucky. Though Zella always has her work done, she still finds time to play her role as class vamp.

WHO'S WHO

Name	Nickname	Pastime	Appearance	Ambition	Favorite Expression
George Bean	"Beany"	Telling Somebody something	Supercilious	To wear long pants at graduation	'Zat so?
Vera Blaisdell	"Vamp"	Dancing	Sporty	To wed a rich man	Got your Latin done?
Theo Boylan	"T"	Traveling	Satisfied	To lead an orchestra	Fer crow's sake!
Lillian Brown	"Liggy"	Typing	Sober	To exceed the speed limit in typewriting	The dickens!
Antoinette Burns	"Tony"	Doing Economics	Saintly	To have her hair bobbed	What the deuce!
Raymond Callahan	"Ray"	Grinding Hamburg	Beautiful	To be able to drive a **good** car	Aw g'wan
Jarvis Cartledge	"Bud"	Imitating the Girls	Mild	To be a second Julian Eltinge	'Zat so?
Madeline Chase	"Mad"	Giggling	Babyish	To grow up	Gosh!
Charles Denningham	"Charlie"	Drumming	Snappy	To win Cross Country Marathon	Knock off!
Leo Fannon		Running	Quiet	To be a soloist in the Symphony Orchestra	?
Clarence Gould	"Kiddo"	Girls	Striking	To go to Colby	Wait a minute
Wilmot Hall	"Willie"	Math	Lengthy	To grow fat	Say
Dorothy Harrigan	"Dot"	Acting foolish	Wild	To pass everything	Good heavens!
Margaret Hawksworth	"Margie"	Geometry	Calm	To go to college	I can't speak any louder
Christos Karigeanes	"Chris"	Making us laugh	Jovial	To manage a group of chain stores	'Dat's right
Violet Levesque	"Vi"	Starring in Plays	Pretty	To grow	Gee!

Elwyn McCarthy	"Mac"	Taking vacations	Wise	To be a World's Series Pitcher	'C'mon
Angelo Minichiello	"Zip"	Reading Modern Poetry	Studious	To go to Tech	Gosh
Vera Morong	"Vee"	Keeping quiet	Childish	To get married	What's this
Edna Peabody	"Ed"	Snowshoeing	Snappy	To succeed at everything	Oh Heck!
Davida Perley	"Dave"	Riding	Dissatisfied	To ride a wild horse	I don't know
Harry Saunders	"Bogey"	Winking at Zella	Good natured	To be thin	When can we take that makeup?
Alice Scott	"Scotty"	Talking	Wide Awake	To be a **perfect** saint	The Holy Divil!
Hazel Smith	"Smithy"	Writing Spelling Words	Passable	To be an old maid	Good night!
Evelyn Webber		Powdering her nose	Natural	To be a fancy dancer	You don't mean it
Zella Zuoski	"Zel!"	Bowling and Vamping	Athletic	To be a teacher	Oh, shut up!

VALEDICTORY

"Ad astra per aspera:" To the stars through difficulties

In these days of wonder workings and seemingly miraculous performances, a literal interpretation of this motto would perhaps not seem far fetched. We are not, however, contemplating a visit to Mars or any other planet, possible though it may be in the not too distant future. But by the stars we mean to symbolize lofty ideals and the highest things in life. Nor must we neglect to emphasize that part of our motto which recognizes that only by meeting and overcoming difficulties can those ideals ever be attained.

Young men, and young women, too, of today, are not willing to sacrifice a little pleasure, nor are they willing to serve an apprenticeship until the best things in life have been earned. When they graduate from high school or college, they want a so-called "white collar job." They want to step into a manager's position or nothing. They are not willing to start at the bottom and work up as our forefathers did.

They are not willing to take the rugged path to the stars but want the easy way. Life is a mixture of good and evil, happiness and unhappiness, defeats and victories. It is the resistance of evil, the refining influence of unhappiness, and the courageous endurance of defeats which are character building and which make men and women great. If a thing is hard and you don't like to do it, do it. That is the way to gain physical and moral vigor. By doing the hard and disagreeable things in life you show to the world that you are not a quitter.

Dr. F. Crane says, "There are two pleasures in the world; the pleasure of yielding, and the pleasure of overcoming. If we give ourselves up to the pleasure of yielding, we finally become bored, and destroy our ability to enjoy. If we persist in overcoming and do things we don't want to do, we learn to like to do them, we grow strong and vigorous, and our capacity to enjoy increases. Savages and primitive people do not think much of a medicine unless it has a disagreeable taste. This is a foolish idea, but the motive behind it is right." We shall find that there will be difficulties and disagreeable conditions to put up with no matter what we do or where we go, but if we remember with Barrie that, "The secret of happiness is not in doing what one likes to do but in liking what one has to do," we shall find that the difficulties, though present, will seem of less importance."

I was interested not long ago in reading an account in "The American Magazine" of a man named Stephen Mizwa. Eleven years ago he came to America from Poland in the steerage. He didn't know one word of English and was poor. He is now Professor of Economics at Drake University, Des Moines. His first work was in a basket factory where he earned $5.60 a week. He studied nights because what he wanted most was an education, while his room mates drank and sang. He beat rugs, tended heaters, and peeled potatoes while working his way through college. He won a junior class honor at Amherst and was one of two pupils who won honorary degrees. He received a scholarship at the post graduate school at Harvard and he was washing dishes when he was offered his position at Drake University. He reached his star of ambition through difficulties but was happy in doing it.

All of our great men have had disappointments. Do you suppose that Thomas Edison perfected every one of his inventions without defeat of his expectations? No, he worked until he had completed them to his satisfaction. He was patient and a worker. Like these men

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate
Still achieving, still pursuing
Learn to labor and to wait."

We, the class of 1924, wish to thank our parents, our teachers, our superintendent, and school committee, and all those concerned with our welfare in Man-

ning High School for the help and education they have given us.

Classmates: for the last four years we have worked and played together to gain an education. Tonight our pathways separate. Some will go on to higher institutions of learning, while others will find a path of usefulness more directly. Let us not forget, however, that all these paths lead to the stars. May we benefit by the lessons we have learned, and in appreciation for what those interested in our welfare have done for us, demonstrate to them and to the world our power to reach the stars through difficulties "Adastra per aspera."

EDNA PEABODY.

CITIZENS' MILITARY TRAINING CAMP

The Citizens' Military Training Camps are the direct outgrowth of the Plattsburg camp started in the years before the World War. These camps were attended by several thousand citizens in these years. On June 4, 1920, Congress took the essential features of the Plattsburg camp and incorporated them into legislation providing for the coordination of military and civilian agencies in a comprehensive system of national defense. Under the provisions of this act the War Department is authorized to conduct each summer training camps for American citizens between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five years.

The purpose of the camp is to bring together young men of all types, both native and foreign born; to develop closer national and social unity; to teach the privileges, duties, and responsibilities of citizenship; to show the public that it will develop their sons physically, mentally, and morally. The training camp brings together men of all races who are or intend to be citizens of the United States. This tends to make one understand the man next to him and to help make better foreign-born citizens. The men are brought together socially. This is accomplished by having entertainment for all the men, such as moving pictures, dances, and other similar amusements.

Discipline in camp is enforced—never harsh, but strict. Order, neatness, and sanitation are required from all. Each man cleans his own outfit and every week inspections are held at the camp which compel the man to rely upon himself, to have himself and his outfit, as the saying goes, "spick and span." Every man in the camp is required to take physical exercise for a prescribed amount of time each day. Besides this, athletic contests are held in running, jumping, hurdling, and all other sports. All these things tend to make the man alert and self-reliant.

One of the main purposes of the camp is to train men to be fit to become soldiers if necessary. As Andrew Jackson said, "Our principal dependence for protection should be upon the citizens of the Republic." This shows what one of the greatest presidents of the United States thought about the necessity of training the citizens to be soldiers. This means that every man physically fit should be ready at any minute to take up arms for his country. As General John J. Pershing once said, "Upon every able-bodied American citizen there rests an obligation to keep himself fit, and in time of peace prepare to defend his country in time of need." The training camps have been established with this idea in view.

The camp also developes a greater and more intense love for the country among the men. They are able to see more clearly the benefits which are derived from the government. This patriotism must be developed, for, as our late president Warren G. Harding says, "We need a new birth of patriotism in our Country," and it is developed in the training camp. The men are also taught to have a regard for the rights of others, thereby tending to decrease the amount of crime in the country.

There are three courses of instruction at the camps. The first of these courses is the Red Course which tries to equip men for the service as privates in the

reserves; to develop these men physically, mentally, and morally. The most time is put upon the infantry drill in this course.

The second course is the White Course which tries to qualify privates as non-commissioned officers; to provide preliminary training for commissions in the Reserve Corps, and to provide further military training for civilians. Any man over nineteen and under thirty-five years of age is eligible.

The Blue Course is the third course and the most advanced in camp. Its object is to provide more advanced training for non-commissioned officers of the Regular Army, National Guard, Enlisted Reserve Corps, and civilians, with a view to their appointment as officers in the Officer's Reserve Corps. Anybody who is over twenty-one years of age and under thirty-five is eligible if he has completed the Red and White Courses or their equivalent.

In brief, all the courses have the definite object of carrying out the exhortation of Robert E. Lee when he said, "Make your sons Americans." If we succeed in our doing this,—in converting the army of the youth of this country into real Americans, imbued with the ideas of justice, morality, and right, we shall be accomplishing a great work indeed.

GEORGE BEAN

THE JAPAN-AMERICAN QUESTION

Kipling once wrote:

"Oh East is East and West is West
And never the twain shall meet
Till Earth and Sky stand presently
At God's great Judgment Seat"

It seems to me that these lines, in connection with the Japanese question, are quite appropriate although I don't suppose that Kipling had any thought of the Japanese and Americans in mind when he wrote them. Ever since 1880 there has been a steady increase in the number of Japanese coming to this country, the majority of which remained in California. At first all Japanese were allowed to enter this country but in 1908 a "Gentlemen's Treaty," as it was called, was formed at the suggestion of President Roosevelt between Japan and the United States. In accordance with this, Japan has issued passports to only the better class of Japanese. Now an immigration bill has been passed, a clause of which excludes practically all Japanese after July first. In fact the only Japanese who will be admitted are professors of colleges, ministers, and students.

Now let us consider some of the prevailing views against this act. Some think that the "Gentlemen's Treaty" was sufficient, and they oppose further restriction; others think that this treaty leaves to the Japanese that which we ought to do ourselves, namely the choosing of who shall and who shall not enter this country. Nevertheless this treaty has been of some aid, for the statistics show that during the year 1909-10-11 and 12, the excess of Japanese emigrants over immigrants was about 6,000.

Then too, this exclusion policy, especially the recent passing of the immigration bill containing the Japanese exclusion clause, partly because of its aim, partly because of the spirit in which it has been carried out, is keenly resented by the Japanese nation as shown by the paragraphs from seven Japanese newspapers, printed in a recent issue of "The Literary Digest." All of them represent the Japanese people, as a whole, as highly indignant and insulted, and only one is at all conciliatory. This resentment may or may not lead to international complications between Japan and the United States, and although there is little doubt as to the outcome, if it did, it would at least be an added burden to the United States.

It is this consideration doubtless which has influenced President Coolidge's attitude toward the Japanese clause of which he disapproved and asked that it be deferred until 1925.

Now let us consider some of the arguments set forth by those who feel that the United States is justified in adopting a rigid policy of exclusion. In the first place, the Japanese, being accustomed to

frugal living and long hours of work, can underbid and outwork white men as laborers. They will work under any condition however unhygienic they may be, and all this of course tends to lower the standard of work. After the Jap is employed, he is not satisfied to remain a laborer but as soon as he learns the "ins and outs" of the business, he leaves his employer and goes into business for himself. He is quite satisfied with much smaller profits and because of this he can undersell his white competitor every time and often ruin his business.

In real estate deals, the Japanese use some rather underhanded methods, to say the least. One Jap may lease a farm at a fair rental, and then being satisfied with small returns, he deliberately impoverishes the land. The white owner is induced to sell and the Jap buys. Whereupon he begins to cultivate the land properly and to hire more Japanese. In a short time the farm is bringing in good profits. In the cities a Jap will buy a house in a white section. Because of his poor care and untidiness the value of adjacent property falls, and more Japanese buy. Thus it continues until finally it results in a Jap "quarter."

Then again they are very unreliable. They may sign a contract, and when the work is perhaps half finished someone offers them better wages, and they leave the contract job for the other, often causing a considerable loss to the contractor.

They are also quite vindictive. If they feel that they have been wronged, and they are very sensitive, or if they cannot secure a piece of land which they desire, they will usually find a way to injure either the man who caused the trouble or his business.

It is stated, too, that the Japs have too great a love for their own country ever to become real Americans. They always think of their country first and themselves later, and it is because of this intense patriotism that some claim that the Japanese could never become true citizens of any other country.

In such places as Vacaville and Florin the Japanese have established almost entire communities which continue in Buddhist religion and Japanese national customs. Someone has called the communities "cankers in our body politic." Of course these conditions described are true more particularly of California and the Picific Coast section, but the problem there is a serious racial problem which threatens to involve the whole country. It is a question which must engage more and more the attention of thoughtful men and women.

There is little doubt in the minds of most people as to whether or not we have the right to pass an exclusion law because first, the Americans own the land of the United States and theirs is the right to say who shall and who shall not live here; second, Japan herself set the exclusion example by not only excluding Chinese coolies but even by exporting them; third, Japan will neither allow Americans to become citizens of Japan nor to hold land there.

On the other hand the United States is the last nation in the world to become involved needlessly in war. Summing up the situation, the general sentiment of the country seems to be that although we desire to maintain friendly relations with Japan as a nation, we feel at the same time that American ideals and principles must not be sacrificed.

JARVIS CARTLEDGE

HISTORY OF CLASS OF 1924

It was a few days after Labor Day in the year 1920 that a group of pupils just graduated from the eighth grade the preceeding June stood before the gates of Manning High School. It was several minutes before we found the courage to enter but it finally came to us and we did so.

The proud upper classmen looked upon us with contempt and disgust. We withstood their looks all right, but when it came to initiation,—well, it was quite a different story.

After a few days we called a class meeting to order and in this meeting we elected our class officers which were as follows: President Jarvis Cartledge; Vice President, Margaret Hunt; Secretary, Madeline Chase; Treasurer; Eleanor Titcomb. We also chose a social committee. Upon the decision of this committee all our social activities of that year were held in conjunction with the class of 1923. The girls of the class were especially active and at one of the socials they presented a play entitled "A Pan of Fudge." Although Miss Harrigan insisted upon saying "errawneous" for erronous and although the youthful actors, in their zeal, nearly set the school house on fire when they tipped over the chafing dish, the play was quite a success.

Also well do I remember the day when Henley, a former member of our class, was sent to the mourners' bench to look up, in a ponderous Bible supported on an umbrella rack, all references to the devil and his abode. The results of this research, I understand, are still treasured by one member of the faculty.

Our freshman year passed before we hardly realized it, and the majority of us were ready to become sophomores.

If one had passed through the lower hall in our sophomore year, he would have at any time seen one or more sophomores seated there. The reason was evident, for although we were under the stern but kind hand of Miss Whittemore, the double seats offered an excellent temptation to whisper.

Our class officers for this year were: President, George Bean; Vice President, Jarvis Cartledge; Secretary, Alice Scott; and Treasurer, Elwyn McCarthy.

However, except for a very few socials held with the class of 1925 our sophomore year was quite uneventful and we were soon prepared to be upper classmen.

At last we were upper classmen. As in the preceding years we called a class meeting to order and chose our class officers as follows: President, Clarence Gould; Vice President, Edna Peabody; Secretary, Madeline Chase; and Treasurer, Alice Scott. We also chose a social committee.

Of course the most important event of that year was the "prom," an event in which we were very successful financially and otherwise. After a hot argument and many threats, mostly from Raymond Callahan, we chose suitable class rings.

Regarding our lesser social activities; the most interesting was a kid social held with the class of 1923. It really was surprising to learn how many kids we had in school. Among the many good representations I must say that Cartledge, alias Cecil, garbed in his picturesque Buster Brown suit was one of the best.

It was also during this year that it first became noticeable how popular the girls were in our class. Room II was the center of attraction, if not the center of gravity, for the majority of the male population in the school.

Finally the day came when we could call ourselves seniors. The preceding three years looked like very short ones now. For the fourth and last time we called a class meeting to order for the purpose of choosing class officers and a social committee. Our class officers were: President, Jarvis Cartledge; Vice President, Edna Peabody; Secretary, Dorothy Harrigan; and Treasurer, Antoinette Burns.

Our social activities of this year, however were not extended beyond our own class.

We were well repesented in athletics this year, having six men out of eleven in the football team, three men out of nine on the baseball team, and the best runner together with two other good runners on the track team.

Certainly it must not go unsaid that the most important event of this year was our class play. This play was a great success. For one thing it showed how the human eye can be deceived, for the demure miss in the first part of the play was none other than our most honorable president, Bud Cartledge. He was anything but demure in the rehearsals, however, for it was he who threaten-

ed to break up the whole performance by making up such peculiar faces that the other players were too convulsed to continue. Then, too, he was so innocent himself that it was long before the blame for the disturbance was finally fixed where it rightfully belonged.

Most of the boys of the class took the opportunity extended to them by the Rotary Club and went on the trip to Boston. All of them got home safe and sound although one of the cars in which some of our boys were riding did get mixed up in a funeral and threatened to break up the whole procession.

The girls also enjoyed a trip to Boston under the auspices of the Rotary Club members' wives. We hear that a more elaborate lunch was prepared for them on the ground that girls always eat a great deal more than boys, which is no doubt true.

The parade of that week is worthy of mention because it is the only occasion on record on which Gould was so weighted down with the seriousness of his position as military leader that he forgot to smile.

During this year there has been an epidemic of bobbed hair and mumps from which even dignified seniors have not been immune. We are hardly prepared at this time to state which is the more conducive to good looks.

For the latter part of the year preparations for graduation and class day have occupied most of our time and attention. During a few bright sunny days on the first of the month, we all repaired to the front lawn and had our pictures taken for "The Tiger." When you gaze at our likenesses on the pages of that well known publication, we hope you will be reminded of the cost and sacrifice which made those pictures possible, for we hear that Gould's camera has been out of commission ever since.

The preparations now, however, are complete and we are looking forward to receiving tomorrow evening the reward of our four year's labors.

The last page of our history will not be written until Saturday evening when we are anticipating a good time on the occasion on which we meet together as a class for the last time. Our past history, however, has indeed been a happy one, and I am wishing a happy future to the class of 1924 and to all succeeding classes.

ANGELO MINICHIELLO.

GIFTS TO GIRLS

Last evening I sat up late trying to think of some gifts that I might give to the girls of 1924. No inspirations came to me. I was just about to collect my papers and retire when suddenly before me there appeared a figure, indistinct at first, but soon it became clearer. I could see that it was a man carrying a bundle, but I did not recognize him. Almost immediately, however, he spoke and in a deep voice said, "I am Mephisto, the god of the lower world. As I heard that you were troubled about some of my future subjects, I have come to help you."

He stopped for a moment and then went on. "This **megaphone** give to Margaret Hawksworth so that in the future she may have the joy of being heard the first time that she says anything.

"To Davida Perley I want you to give this **Laboratory Guide** in order that future hours spent in the laboratory may be more inspiring.

"As you know, Hazel Smith is always forgetting things. You remember how she was always writing thousands of spelling words because he forgot she had any. Give her this **memorandum** to lengthen her memory. She'll need one out in the big cold world.

"I am sure that this **fan** will aid Zella Zuoski in flirting with a certain male member of the class and also in hiding her blushes.

"Here is a pair of scissors given as a souvenir and reward by the United Barbers' Association to the person who does the mose to help barbers, and as Madeline Chase started the bobbed hair craze in your class, I think that she should have them.

"To Antoinette Burns and Violet Levesque, both of diminutive stature, present these stilts so that they may come up with the rest of the world.

"Give this **speedometer** to Lillian Brown so that she may be furnished with a check that will prevent her exceeding the speed limit when typewriting.

"Alice Scott, who so ably managed the candy store at school, promote to the management of this **store.**

"Vera Blaisdell, so I hear, is always borrowing someone else's **powder puff.** Give this one to her so that she may discontinue this annoying and unsanitary practice. Incidentally, it may help her to maintain her reputation for good looks.

"Evelyn Webber, I understand, is going to follow a musical career. I'm sure that this **pitch pipe** will be of service.

"This **pillow** give to Edna Peabody. It is to be taken on all skiing trips and used when necessary.

"To Dorothy Harrigan, who, as you know, has the pernicious habit of getting very much excited about trifles, give this bottle of soothing syrup.

"To Vera Morong throw this **ball** and see if she can catch it as easily as she did the "mumps," concluded Mephisto.

Before I had time to thank him, he had disappeared, and I was left alone with my papers

WILMOT HALL.

CLASS GIFTS TO BOYS

Several days ago I was invited by one of my friends to go to Ellis Island. While I was there I saw many people; some from Russia, France, Spain and Italy. I talked with many of them in their native tongue because they couldn't speak English. They told me that they were all waiting to be examined so that they might enter the "land of promise." None of them seemed to realize that they might be sent back to their native land because the quota from their country was filled.

After talking with several men and women, I came to a woman with a shawl around her head. Her face was wrinkled with age. She told me that she had come from Russia and that she had several sons and a daughter here and had come to America three times to visit them, but each time had been turned back because the quota was filled. After telling me about the life she had lived in Russia, she said, "Now, my dear, I have told you my troubles. You must have some. Won't you tell me yours?"

I told her that my greatest trouble was the task of finding suitable gifts for the boys of the graduating class.

She told me to name the boys, and that by her motions I might be able to get some idea of an appropriate gift for each boy.

First I named Jarvis Cartledge. After a few seconds she began to smooth her hair with her hand like this. I thought she wanted me to give him a wig to remind him of the Senior play, but no, she kept rubbing harder and harder. Suddenly a new idea came to me and I saw Cartledge trying but in vain, to keep his hair smooth; so for you, Cartledge, I have this **bottle of slikum** that you may never be troubled again by those unmanageable locks.

I named Raymond Callahan second. Without a minute's hesitation she began to make a noise as though she were trying to cough. It reminded me of the cough Callahan had contracted during the freshman year and which still effects him seriously at times. Callahan, I pity a boy who has the same cough for four years and I am going to give you a **bottle of cough medicine** so that you may never be troubled in the future with your cough.

When I named Harry Saunders, the woman began to act as though she were sprinkling something on her head and vigorously rubbing it in. I wondered what she meant, but after a while it came to me that I had heard Edna say that she liked brunettes better than blonds, so for you, Saunders, I have this **bottle of hair dye.**

This was all the time the woman had, for she was called by one of the officers to be examined. For the rest I had to fall

back on my own resources.

We all know that Minichiello lives at Rices' where things are rather slow. For him, therefore, I have this **giant fire cracker** so that he can make things hum.

For Charles Denningham I bought this little **dictionary.** Charlie uses such long words that I thought he might some day swallow a dictionary, and if he did, he might choke if he tried to swallow a large one. I therefore bought him one that would digest easily.

Gould's passions for women are, like Poe's, intense but fleeting. Just at present, however, I think a **compass** would prevent him from getting lost when coming home late at night from Linebrook.

We all read in the "Tiger" about Bokron's winning a marathon. The reason for this, it was said, was that he was surprised by a fierce dog. If this method proves effective in one case, it ought to prove so in another; so for you Fannon I have this **fierce dog** that you may uphold the seniors standard in track.

I have this large **banana** for Karigeanes so that he will never be placed in the embarrassing situation of having to reply, "Yes, we have no Bananas" to his customers.

I am going to give Hall this little **doll** for a "Wile."

I am told that it took McCarthy on one occasion a week to go to Rowley and back for his report card. I have this **flying machine** for him so that he will be able to accomplish the journey in much less time.

Boylan is following in the footsteps of his father by taking up the plumbing trade so I bought him this **set of tools** that they might lead him on to the road of success.

Last but not least, to be sure, is Bean. I judge from Bean's actions that he likes flowers. For him therefore I have a Violet.

At last the task of finding gifts for the boys is completed and I'm sure I hope everybody is satisfied.

ALICE SCOTT.

CLASS PROPHECY

This trip which I have been looking forward to for such a long time has finally been completed. But what a delightful trip it has turned out to be! You have no idea how pleasant it was to get my plane out of the hanger these beautiful days and to fly over this country and across to Europe and elsewhere to call on my class mates.

To be sure I did get into trouble with the aerial police once for flying on the wrong side of the air line and again when I disregarded the speed limit of 560 miles an hour. However the aerial judge was a kind old man who held court in a huge dirigible floating three miles above the surface of the earth.

At first he did not appear so kind for he gave the young fellow ahead of me a severe sentence, and when I, terribly frightened, was led before him, he dismissed the traffic officer and turning to me with a stern look on his face said, "Look here, Madam, do you know that for your offense you could serve five years?"

Startled by this, I, picturing iron bars all around me, must have tottered, for suddenly he rushed from behind his desk, shook me, and said, "For Heaven's sake, Vera, you know I was only joking."

I came to at these words and gazed at him.

"Why, Vera, have you forgotten your old class mate?" Then seeing that I had, he started to take off his robe and cap.

Then what a change! For when he removed his cap, the funniest thing happened—a golden braid fell down his back and I recognized not a "him"—but our darling Zella.

"Zella Zuoski!" I cried, and I flew into her arms. When we had got our breath again, I told her that I was on a tour hunting up our old classmates. Then she informed me that at any other time I should have met Margaret Hawksworth, her assistant, who was now having her vacation

"Margaret Hawksworth your assistant?"

"Oh yes," said Zell "She is doing fine work. When I want a particularly eloquent pleader on a case, I always select Miss Margaret Hawksworth, Esq."

"She must have discovered her voice then since high school days," I remarked.

"I am going out to lunch," continued Zella. "won't you come along?"

But, thinking of the long trip ahead of me, I refused and again started on my way.

My next stop was New York City, for from such a brillant class as graduated from M. H. S. in 1924 I should surely find some in New York.

After having put my plane up in a garage, I went into a first-class dining room on Fifth Avenue hoping to meet some one and I did; for who should come forward to seat me with all due ceremony but Elwyn McCarthy, head waiter of the establishment, in a stiff bosomed shirt and swallow tail coat. He certainly did cut a figure in that fashionable dining hall. Shortly after, I left the dining room and as I walked slowly down the avenue, I passed a fashion shop. Looking at the door, I read the names Peabody and Saunders. There was something familiar about the names and also about the combination. Therefore I went in and found two of my former classmates busily engaged in selling finery to the exclusive set of New York. Edna recognized me at once and, giving her customer to a clerk, rushed over, embraced me affectionately, and asked me what I was doing.

When I told her, our dear Edna sent her best regards to everyone I met and told me that two blocks away Vera Morong had a large beauty parlor and that since Bud Cartledge had accepted a position with the Fox Company in which he gave promise to rival Julian Eltinge as an actor of double roles—the most important of course being the feminine one—he had become her best customer. It thrilled me to remember that I, myself, had once appeared on the stage with this great actor—as his double, too.

As I sat there musing over this strange news, I suddenly realized that in order to visit all the rest of my classmates I had better hurry, so after a hasty good-by I went to the garage, got my plane and soon was on my way to Paris.

In Paris I was destined to encounter more surprises, for no sooner had I begun to look around than a little child standing beside me in La Place de la Concorde fainted. I took her to the Salvation Army Hospital opposite and was about to go out when I bumped into Evelyn Webber in a white uniform. She told me that she was head nurse there. Evelyn always was quiet in school and that quietness of manner must be an asset in her work. She must have to manufacture some noise for the Salvation Army meetings, however, and how she does it is still a mystery.

Out on the street again I ran into a terrible crowd running and yelling like mad creatures. Thinking there must be a fight or fire I followed the crowd. After going for about two miles they stopped; so I stopped and by luck was pushed out to the edge. Although I did not find a fire or fight, I did find that I was at a track meet at which the world championship was to be decided, and in the midst of the scantily clad runners was Fannon, representing America. Then I was one of this mad crowd yelling at the top of my voice "Fannon! Fannon! America!" I wondered if he had heard me and on that account was inspired to run faster. Anyway he won. Hurrah for Fannon!

But I had had enough of Paris; and decided to journey on to Spain or Africa. I was not used to the route, however, so after going a little way, I decided to ask an aerial traffic cop. Slowly flying up to the next one I came to, imagine my surprise at seeing a lady. My surprise was even greater when I beheld Dorothy Harrigan. She told me she had become tired of teaching and wanted to rise higher in the world. So here she was on the steeple of Notre Dame de Paris directing all aeroplane traffic to points east and west. And, oh yes, she told me that below her Antoinette Burns was a nun whose par-

ticular gift lay in the chanting of Latin hymns.

I was two hundred miles off my route to Dot informed me. Consequently after leaving her, I just stepped on the gas and in a few hours I was flying over unknown land. Getting rather curious to know where I was, I hunted for a place to land. Alighting on a hard beach, I was about to get out when I was suddenly surrounded by a crowd of filthy negroes. They acted like a pack of crazy creatures. Nor could any speak English, and I was getting frightened when suddenly they began to bow. Looking around to see what they were bowing at I saw a negro more gayly bedecked than the others in beads and ornaments slowly advancing accompanied by a lady who seemed to have a remarkably soothing effect on the natives and who was dressed in a garb resembling that of my own country women. Sure enough! when I began to question her, she replied in my own tongue. "Oh yes Vera, I know you. I am Hazel Smith." Then I did indeed recognize Hazel beneath a coat of tan and a few more freckles. Imagine it! Hazel Smith a missionary in the wilds of Africa. I am still marvelling at her courage.

After telling her all the news—she welcomed it, poor girl—I was again on my way. Now below me the scenery was wonderful, for I was flying over mountains, lakes, and jungles. On one of the mountains near the jungle I saw a high tower. My curiosity was aroused but as there was no place to land, I was forced to go on. However on the other side of the jungle I found a large field with a little shack near by. After landing I walked up to the shack and inside found a man in green glasses, whose legs extended some distance beyond the desk at which he was sitting, bent over and intently studying a beetle which resembled one of the rare species described by Poe in "The Gold Bug."

As I approached him, he looked up, then arose quickly, and came towards me with outstretched hands. "Wilmot Hall!" I was about to exclaim, but before I could get the words out, the most terrific buzzing was heard. I could not imagine what the horrible noise was until Wilmot informed me that he was an entomologist and the loud buzzing I had heard was the noise which his wild bees made as they flew about his laboratory. Ever since, I have pictured Wilmot with his lanky legs and butterfly net running through the woods.

I asked him what the high tower was that I had passed on the other side of the jungle, and he quite overwhelmed me with the reply that it belonged to Kiddo Gould. He is an astronomer. Kiddo always did have a passion for "stars," I remembered, but I had always thought that he would find those nearer the earth quite satisfying.

I bade good-by to Wilmot and set out on my way again. Soon I found myself winging my way over the Atlantic Ocean. How glad I am that I didn't have engine trouble or run out of gas.

When I reached South America, I stopped at Buenos Aires. I left my plane at some distance outside the city and walked in. While walking I passed the Ford plant—we used to have them in this country you know—and I judged that it was the same one in which I had been told that Angelo Minichello was engaged in making nuts and spark plugs.

A little farther on I came to a large enclosure where tents were pitched, flags were flying, and balloon venders were in evidence. I decided to take in a side show just for the fun of it and entered a tent where, judging from the noise, most of the hilarity was centered. I came upon a crowd of people laughing their heads off. Pushing my way to the front, I beheld Raymond Callahan standing on a barrel making his bow-tie shimmy on his Adam's Apple. Although I had seen this all before at school, the setting of the comedy act was so different and the laughter of the crowd, especially the children, was so contagious that I laughed my head off along with the rest of them.

When I came out of the tent, the knawing emptiness of the region near my

solar plexus reminded me that it was time to eat. I walked on for about ten minutes until I came to a most attractive looking tea room. I entered, walked up to the desk where a plump middle aged lady in horn rimmed spectacles, whose blond hair was beginning to show silver threads among the gold, reigned supreme. I stared a moment, rubbed my eyes, and then burst out "Madeline Chase!" for it was she who was the successful proprietor of this charming place. We had hardly spoken together for five minutes when a prosperous looking business man walked up to us, who had also been attracted by the beauty and charm of the eating house. There was something familiar about his stride and, when he began to talk with us, about his vocabulary,—just the kind to insure his success as a drummer, for Charlie Denningham was sole agent in South America and Australia for the Milwaukee Men's Ankle Watch Company. He was well trained for this work all right as his first experience in drumming had begun back in high school days.

It had been a pleasant hour, but time was flying and I ought to be too.

I walked back to the suburb of Buenos Aires where my plane had been parked, and in less time than it takes to tell it had made my next stop a little farther up the coast at Rio De Janeiro. I managed to land in a field where hundreds of horses were grazing without hitting any of them. It was funny, but when I got out I noticed that everyone of those horses had some kind of bandage over a part of his anatomy. Some of them were evidently suffering from headaches, others had one or two sore eyes, others still were lame in one or more legs and were having difficulties in getting around on the others. I decided to investigate and under a pretense of asking for a drink, I approached the little low farm house. Imagine my surprise when a tall olive complexioned lady admitted me. You have probably guessed by this time that it was Davida Perley H. D. (horse doctor) and that I had landed in the convalescent ward.

Another blow was about to descend upon me. Her farm, it seemed, adjoined another on which Violet Levesque was engaged in raising Billy goats and as we walked and talked near the boundary, we could see the favorite Billy running and jumping at her beck and call.

I didn't want anything more sprung on me so suddenly. Therefore I decided to return at once to America which after all is the best country on earth.

Having a little engine trouble, I landed at Miami, Florida to have the difficulty attended to. While they were working on the engine, I took a short walk just to see the country. I saw more than that, however, for on a hill overlooking the ocean I discovered a United States Weather Bureau station in charge of George Bean. If you remember, it was always a trait of Bean's to guess at anything he didn't know. It had taken the weather bureau to recognize the latent power in this gift.

My engine was soon repaired and although I intended to fly straight to Washington, I didn't like to miss a brief visit at Palm Beach. I landed on the beach, walked up where a group of people were standing. As I came nearer, I saw that they were evidently much moved at something, for many were wringing their hands, weeping audibly, and divesting themselves of their jewelry and depositing their valuable possessions in a pile on the beach. From the midst of the crowd came a familiar but eloquent voice. Elbowing my way through the people, I finally got near enough to convince myself that Christo Karigeanes was mounted on a soap box and was expounding socialistic doctrines so eloquently that the Palm Beach population was completely under his control. I didn't have much jewelry and what I had was dear to me; so I elbowed my way out of the crowd as unostentatiously as possible and slunk away.

Washington at last! Although I had been gone only a day, I had seen and learned so much that it seemed more like

a month. I bought a paper and on the front page I found an article in which Alice Scott was mentioned as chairman of the peace commission. Heavens! Alice was always such a scrapper. I could imagine how much peace there'd be. And down a little farther I found that Theo Boylan was a special detective and inspector for the Washington Police Department and had been put in charge of the murder of Henry Ford, alleged to have been slain for flooding the market.

Now for Ipswich and home. I didn't have time to visit Lillian Brown but I know that she broke the typewriting record and is now private secretary to the president of the New York-California Aero Bus Company

My long looked for trip is now ended and I shall settle down to work with glad remembrances of my classmates of 1924.

VERA BLAISDELL.

CLASS WILL

Be it remembered that we, the class of 1924 of Manning High School, in the town of Ipswich, County of Essex, aand Commonwealth of Massachusetts, being of sound mind and memory but knowing the uncertainity of this life do make this our last will and testament, hereby revoking all former wills by us at anytime heretofore made.

After the payment of our just debts and funeral charges, we bequeath and devise as follows:

TO THE SUB-FRESHMEN

Item: A set of more drastic and severe rules. It will do them good—although it would never have done us any good.

Item: New school hours, in order to gain some of the knowledge of the present Freshmen. We suggest 7 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Item: To each a lolley-pop and a baby rattler.

TO THE FRESHMEN

Item: The right to sit in Room V provided they agree to renounce all frivolity and return in the fall with more evidence of serious purpose than they have shown previously.

Item: By request, we leave them some of the mathematical knowledge that the present junior class possesses.

Item: A large pail and two sponges with which to wash Miss Forrest's blackboards.

Item: Sole management of initiations whereby important freshmen are made to appear less so.

TO THE SOPHOMORES

Item: The right to call themselves "upper classmen."

Item: The pleasure of engineering a junior prom and dividing the profits, if any, equally.

Item: The opportunity of choosing class rings, hoping they accomplish the task as harmoniously as did the present juniors.

Item: The pleasure of decorating the town hall for the senior class at graduating and of transforming the Manning Hall stage into a leafy bower for the class day play.

Item: To the girls a summer course in politics so that they may defeat the boys' candidate for president and elect their own as successfully as did the class preceding them.

TO THE JUNIORS

Item: A new Star Spangled Banner or ink eradicator to take the ink spots off the old one.

Item: A keen appreciation of poetry developed by conscientious study of Milton, Wordsworth, Keaths, and Shelley.

Item: The advice of Jack Callahan in selecting a suitable menu for their class banquet. His aid has been invaluable to us. We trust it will be the same to them.

Item: The distinction of being the first to leave chapel and the last to be dismissed at noon time.

Item: The honor of having two of their members conduct the musical part of the program at the Chapel exercises. (We recommend Reedy and Ewing.)

Item: To those possessing dramatic ability, the honor of taking part in the senior play.

Item: The privilege of not having to take exams the last quarter.

Item: To Daniel Orfant, one jar of "Slikum."

To Isabelle Swasey, one pair of dumbells to be taken from Room XI.

To Thomas Doyle, a first class wireless license.

To Robert Hills, a fire extinguisher.

To George Christopher, the responsibility of upholding the reputation of the football team next fall.

To Thomas Henly, one rocking horse and two guns.

To Bertha Savoy and Alice Mullens, each a vanity case with orange rouge.

To Bernard Phelan, an electric curling iron.

To Shirley Hale, one dozen yeast cakes.

To Edmund Witham, the position of class clown.

To Mark Hayes, a pair of stilts. May they prove useful as a means of locomotion and also as a means of increasing his stature.

To Mary Munroe, the seat of class vamp, recently occupied by Zella Zuoski.

To Mildred Jedry, one peck of "red" onions to be secured from our agent Philip Ewing. If you chop these onions you'll weep and grow thin.

To Evelyn Allen and Jennie Janakountzos, each a front seat in Room IV.

To Harry Merson, a trig. book whereby he may study during the vacation and gain more knowledge in that subject.

To Philip Ewing, several pairs of "Scottish hosiery" and "Boston Garters" for they have been proved so becoming.

To Guy Reedy, the fleetness of foot which has made famous our honorable classmate, Charles Denningham.

To Mildred Pickard, the sole privilege of breaking up the class meetings by offering sensible suggestions.

To Nathalie Brown, one bottle of hair tonic, so that soon she may again enjoy her long beautiful locks.

To Ruth Mighill, a private jitney to encourage more frequent attendance at school.

To Robert Kimball, we give a baby rattle, for in acts, at least, he is the class infant.

To Margaret Phelan, a megaphone that her recitations may be credited at their full value.

To Kennard Damon, several pillows to increase his bulk. We have observed that he is not "stuffy" enough.

To Edith Johnson and Mary Woleyko, each fifty cents to be used in payment for a Dutch clip.

To Audrey Patterson, a maxim silencer.

To Elsie Hull, the honor of being the Glee Club leader. We also leave her a baton to be used in keeping time or in chastising unruly members.

To Beatrice Ricker, a new instruction book on chemistry lab. entitled "The Quickest Way to Do it."

To Angie Wile, the seat of class man hater.

To George Greenberg, a self-explanatory Latin book.

In testimony whereof we hereunto set our hands and in presence of three witnesses declare this to be our last will and testament this 26th day of June in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four.

Class of 1924

On this 24th day of June A. D. 1924 class of 1924 of Ipswich, Massachusetts, signed the foregoing instrument in our presence, declaring it to be their last will and thereafter as witness we three at their request, in their presence and in the presence of each other, hereto subscribe our names.

Christos Karigeanes
Jarvis Cartledge, President
Edna Peabody, Vice President

ATHLETICS

MANNING VS DANVERS AT DANVERS

This was the first game of the year for Manning and the team played good ball. The feature of the game was a triple play by Danvers in the fourth inning. Smith and Fannon were on second and first base respectively, and receiving the signal that Doyle was going to bunt, they ran for the next base as soon as the ball was hit, but the attempted bunt was a fly ball to the pitcher who threw to the first baseman, getting Fannon, and then the ball was thrown to second getting Smith.

MANNING 4	DANVERS 5
Jordan ss.	c. f. MacDonald
Wile c.	2nd b. O'Neil
Saunders 3rd b.	c. Milligan
Hills c. f.	s. s. Farley
Ewing 2nd. b.	3rd. b. Dempsey
McCarthy p.	1st. b. Sullivan
Smith 1st. b.	r. f. Flynn
Fannon-Karigeanes l. f.	l. f. Chase
Doyle r. f.	p. Garett

Manning 0 3 0 0 0 0 0 1 0—4
Danvers 1 0 0 0 0 2 0 2—5

Struck out by McCarthy—9 in 8 innings
Base on Balls McCarthy 1. Garett 3.
Struck out by Garett—5 in nine innings

MANNING 8 WILMINGTON 4

This game was played under very bad conditions because of a cold drizzle throughout the game. The game lasted thirteen innings, and the many errors were caused by the bad conditions. One of the features of the game was a brilliant catch of a fly ball behind third base by Jordan. Another feature was the work of Fitzgerald on the mound for Wilmington who struck out thirteen men. In the thirteenth Manning scored four runs.

Manning	Wilmington
Wile c.	Hale c. f.
E. McCarthy 2nd b.	Fuller 3rd b.
Saunders 3rd b.	Alden r. f.
Hills c. f.	Sumner ss.
Smith 1st b.	Fitzgerald p.
Karigeanes l. f.	Melzar l. f.
Jordan ss.	Hallet 1st. b.
Doyle—Fannon r. f.	Kanton c.
A. McCarthy p.	Wilcox 2nd b.
Sheppard 2nd. b.	

Manning 0 1 1 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 4—8
Wilmington 0 0 3 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—4

Struck out by A. McCarthy 4, E. McCarthy 7, by Fitzgerald 13. Base on Balls A. McCarthy 2, Fitzgerald 6, E. McCarthy 1.

MANNING 21 DUMMER 17

This was a close seesaw game until the sixth inning when Dummer scored six runs making the score 13 to 7. In the eighth Dunner scored four more runs and Manning one, making the score 17—8. In the ninth inning Manning scored thirteen runs on five hits, six errors, and seven walks. The features of the game were a home run hit by Hills and a long three base hit by Ewing.

Manning	Dummer
Wile c.	Hinds p—ss.
Hayes 1st. b.	Hamburger—Ferdinand l. f.
McCarthy p.	McLeob 2nd b.
Saunders 3rd. b.	Gardner 1st b.
Ewing 2nd. b.	Fitzimmons—Watkins c. f.
Hills c. f.	Kuki 3rd. b.
Smith r. f.	Forsberg c.
Jordan ss.	Stone—Sleeper—Morse r. f.

Fannon—Karigeanes l. f. Chandler p.

Struck out by Mc Carthy 9, Chandler 8, Hinds 2. Base on balls by McCarthy 3, Chandler 4, Hinds 6.

MANNING 2 WILMINGTON 0

This game was the first one at home and was a very close, both teams playing good ball. Manning made two errors while Wilmington made four. The only feature of the game was a double play by Manning, Hayes to Ewing.

Manning	Wilmington
Wile c.	Melzar c. f.
Hayes 1st. b.	Fitzgerald p.
McCarthy p.	Fuller 3rd. b.
Saunders 3rd. b.	Hallet 1st. b.
Ewing 2nd. b.	Sumner ss.
Hills c. f.	Wilcox 2nd. b.
Jordan ss.	Kantor c.
McDonald—Smith r. f.	Alden r. f.
Fannon l. f.	Carter—Doucette l. f.

Manning	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	—2
Wilmington	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Struck out by McCarthy 7, Fitzgerald-6. Base on Balls by Fitzgerald-2.

MANNING 9 JOHNSON 7

This game was basely played, and the lead seesawed from one side to the other until the eighth inning when Manning scored two runs, which really ended the game.

The feature of the game was an unassisted double play by Driver, the Johnson first baseman.

Manning	Johnson
Hayes 1st b	Colby cf
Wiles c	Knightly ss
McCarthy p	Boyle c
Saunders 3d b	Richardson 1f
Ewing 2nd b	Armstrong 2nd b
Hills cf	F Armstrong rf
Smith-Fannon lf	McEvoy p
Jordan ss	Driver 1st b
Karigeanes-McDonald rf	Demery 3rd b

Manning	0	2	0	3	0	0	3	1	0	—9
Johnson	0	0	1	2	1	0	3	0	0	—7

Struck out by McCarthy, 7, McEvoy, 2. Base on balls McCarthy, 3, McEvoy, 3. Three base hit Richardson.

MANNING 17 MERRIMAC 1

Manning defeats Merrimac by a score of 17-1. This game served as a practice game for the big game the next day.

MANNING 6 DANVERS 1

This game started as if it were going to be a hard game, neither team scoring in the first two innings. In the third inning, however, Manning scored four runs putting the game on ice. Danvers scored its lone run on an error and a hit. This game is the first one in which Manning has won fom Danvers in baseball for several years.

Manning	Danvers
Hayes 1st b	cf MacDonald
Wile c	2nd b O'Neil
McCarthy p	c Dempsey
Saunders 3rd b	ss Farley
Ewing 2nd b	3rd b Milligan
Jordan ss	1st b Sullivan
Fannon lf	rf Flynn
McDonald cf	lf Chase
Doyle rf	p Garrett

Manning	0	0	4	0	0	2	0	0	0	—6
Danvers	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—1

Struck out McCarthy, 10 in eight innings; by Garrett—4 in nine innings. Base on balls; McCarthy 1; Garrett, 2.

Social Notes

BOYS' WEEK

Boys' Week was observed in Ipswich during the week of May 17. The first event of the week occurred on Wednesday when all the boys in the High School and those in the Junior High over fourteen, went to Boston as guests of the Rotary Club. While there, the boys went to the State House and the Fogg Museum They happened to go to the State House just at a time when Governor Cox could spare a few moments to speak to them.

Thursday afternoon the boys from all the schools formed a parade for which they had been drilling for some time. Each school was dressed in a different costume. The line of march led through many of the principal streets. After the parade an athletic program was held at the playground, which contained contests for boys of all the grades.

The events of the high school meet with the winners were as follows:

Half-mile run: L. Fannon (Senior) 1st., Connors (Freshman) 2nd, Christopher (Junior) 3rd.

Seventy-five yard dash (Senior-Junior) J. Callahan (Senior) 1st M. Hayes (Junior) 2nd; Christopher (Junior) 3rd.

Seventy-five yard dash (Sophomore-Freshman): Mansfield (Freshman) 1st; Marlin (Sophomore) 2nd; Hull (Freshman) 3rd.

One mile run: Denningham (Senior) 1st; Williams (Freshman) 2nd; Callahan (Senior) 3rd; Reedy (Junior) 3rd.

Relay (Senior-Junior): In this race the Senior team consisting of Callahan, Fannon, Denningham, and Gould, defeated the junior team which consisted of M. Hayes, Orfant, Reedy, and Christopher.

Relay (Sophomore-Freshman): This, one of the closest races, was won by the sophomores. Those on the sophomore team were L. Hayes, Emerson, MacDonald, and Marlin. The freshman team made up of Connors, Mansfield, Williams, and Hull.

The rubber relay between the two winners, Seniors and Sophomores, resulted in a victory for the lower classmen. A handsome cup, donated by the Rotary Club, was the prize.

On Friday afternoon some very interesting lectures were given in the Town Hall and in Manning Hall.

Saturday morning at 9:30 o'clock an amusing moving picture program was put on through the courtesy of Mr. Bragdon.

The last event of the week was a "Big Meet" at the Methodist Church, where a program particularly interesting to the boys was held.

MEMORIAL DAY EXCERCISES

The annual Memorial Day exercises were held this year on Thursday morning, May 29; they were particularly appropriate and impressive and very interesting.

Forming in front of the High School building, the pupils marched to the Town Hall whence they conducted the G. A. R. and the American Legion back to Manning Hall. Here a very interesting program was presented.

The first part was given by the school; it contained the following:

Poem, Whittier's "Emancipation Group" —"Boston 1879" by Mary Monroe

Song, "Tenting Tonight" by the School

Poem, Hayne's "Union of Blue and Gray" by Isabele Swasey.

Lincoln's "Gettysburg Address" by Harry Merson.

The rest of the program consisted of interesting speeches by Commander Bamford, G. A. R.; Commander Lang, American Legion; and Francis Wade, Harold Perley, and Mr. Nason all of the Local A. L. Post.

SENIOR NOTES

Class Day was held on Wednesday, June 25th, in Manning Hall. The class history was given by Angelo Minichiello, the prophecy by Vera Blaisdell, and the will by Christos Karigeanes. Gifts to the boys were presented by Alice Scott, and gifts to the girls by Wilmot Hall.

The cast of the play included:

Dan'l an old man	Harry Saunders
Nathan'l, a boy	Leo Fannon
Colombine	Violet Levesque
Harlequin	Jarvis Cartledge
Pierrot	George Bean
An Old Man	Raymond Callahan

COMMERCIAL CLUB PICNIC

Tuesday afternoon, June 11, the girls of the Commercial Club who took part in the play went down to Crane's beach on a picnic. We had difficulty in building a fire but at last one was started. Everyone was looking for a stick on which to roast "hot dogs" and toast marshmellows. Another delicacy was steamed clams flavored with sand. The "eats" disappeared very quickly and Miss Damon's pickles lasted about one second after they had been opened.

After eating, we climbed sand dumes, and everyone went sliding down them in all directions—including Mrs. Davis. Miss Damon and Miss Brown are real sports! (You should have seen them rolling down the sand dunes.) Miss Jedrey, Miss Mullens, and Miss Swasey played leap-frog. Everybody went home happy. The party included Mrs. Davis, Miss Damon, Miss Brown, Isabelle Swasey, Alice Mullens, Helen Davis, Lenora Pollard, Pauline Duguary, Rhoda Goodhue, Pauline Witham, Hazel Player, Edna Roper, Georgiana Wile, Mildred Jedry.

ALUMNI

1920

Louis Bean graduates from Harvard this year.

Mary Nourse graduates from four year course at Normal this year.

Raymond Sullivan graduates from Boston College this June.

Mary E. Gordon graduates this June from Colby.

1921

Emma Haley graduates from Normal this June.

Gardner Brown is at Dartmouth.

Howard Doughty and Richard Hodgkins are at Harvard.

1922

Kathleen Harrigan and Rosamond Reilly graduate from Normal this June.

EXCHANGE DEPARTMENT

"The Tiger" is pleased to acknowledge the following exchanges:

"The Hamiltonian" Hamilton High School, Hamilton, Mass.

"The Headlight," Marblehead High School, Marblehead, Mass.

"The Broadcast," Jamaica Plain High School, Boston, Mass.

"The Archon," Dummer Academy, South Byfield, Mass.

AS WE SEE OTHERS

"The Headlight"—Your paper is very interesting. Hope to see more of it in the future.

"The Archon"—Your paper seems to be mostly on athletics. Why not have some short stories?

"The Broadcast"—Your cuts are fine. The paper shows the interest for athletics in your school.

"The Hamiltonian"—Your Literary department is unusually good this month. Why not have some poetry?

AS OTHERS SEE US

"The Tiger"—Headings for departments and cartoons add greatly to the appearance of a magazine. Haven't you any artists? We like your essays.

"The Headlight."

EXCHANGE JOKES

She—"The man I marry must be square, upright, and grand."

He—"You don't want a husband; you want a piano."

Jimmy (on the doorsteps)—Evelyn, dear, anything you say goes."

Evelyn (quickly)—"Jimmy." (And he went).

Boy—"May I hold your hand?"

Girl—"Of course not! This isn't Palm Sunday!"

Boy—"Well, it isn't Independence Day, either."

Teacher: "What makes the leaves turn red in the fall?"

Pupil: "They are blushing to think how green they have been all summer."

Officer: "Here, young man, it's against the law to spit on the floor."

Boy: "Then why did you put up that sign?"

Officer: "What sign?"

Boy: "Fine for spitting."

Why do you call that "white pig ink?"

Because it's always running from the pen.

Why do most of the Chinese people have to walk?

Because there is only one Cochin China.

Teacher in Geometry: "What is a polygon?"

Bright Boy: "A dead parrot."

(Polly gone.)

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